

3

V E R S E S

To the Right Honourable the
Earl of SCARBOROUGH.

U P O N T H E
Death of the late glorious KING,
A N D H I S
Present MAJESTY's most happy Accession.

By M O S E S B R O W N E.

*Descende cælo & dic age tibi à
Regina longum, Calliope, Melos.—*

Tu nec laudis eges, nec nostro augebere cantu.

Hor.

Scalig.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. MILLAN, at *Locke's Head* in *New-Street*,
between *Marybone-Street* and the *Hay-Market*, and at
his Shop by the *Horse-Guards*. MDCCXXVII. Pr. 6d.



V

D



W

A



V E R S E S

U P O N T H E

Death of the late glorious KING.



ERMIT, my LORD, a grateful

Muse to sing

Britannia's Sorrows for her Godlike

KING;

While you with Councils, and deliberate Zeal,

Assist the bleeding Matrons Wounds to heal;

B

With

6 *VERSES on the*

With sure Prefage, we hope the glorious Gain
Of SCARBOROUGH'S Care, and GEORGE'S future
Reign ;

In Him a King and Father, still we view ;
A steady Patriot, and a Friend in You.

WHILE diff'rent Cares our vary'd Minds em-
ploy,
Divided 'twixt our Griefs and duteous Joy,
A filial Grief for royal Virtue loft,
And Joy for GEORGE our *Britain's* other Boast ;
Ye tuneful Bards your generous Sorrows show,
And let your Verse confess a Kingdom's Woe :

In

Death of the late King. 7

In Mourning be your earliest Duty past,
And let a decent Joy engage your last.
Be grateful to the FATHER'S Sacred Dust,
And to the Merits of the SON be just.

A N D thou, Illustrious Shade! entron'd above,
If granted still to know our humbler Love;
Whether with pure cælestial Light inshrin'd
Thou now contempl'ft, an immortal Mind!
Or near th'Almighty Throne assum'ft a Place,
The Chief of all the bright ætherial Race;
Would'ft Thou, Blest Saint! a-while thy Heav'n
forego,

To calm thy sad *Britannia's* Grief below,

While *Britain* worthy of thy Care appears,
A Monarch mourning, and a Land in Tears.

METHINKS I see my filial Wish arise!

Sublime it soars, and now it gains the Skies;
And see from far the radiant Spirit bends,
And to our Grievs with pitying Looks attends:
Just such the Smiles that late on Earth he wore,
Nor needed Heav'n to make their Sweetness more:
On ev'ry Feature still the living Grace
Majestic shines, and beams o'er all his Face;
His Wishes seem for *Britain's* Weal address'd,
And *Europe's* Peace still lab'ring in his Breast.

AH!

Death of the late King. 9

A H ! who in Life his transient Bliss would place,
Or trust his Hopes on wretched Human-race !

But now thy *Britons* all, with loyal Mirth,
Blest the auspicious Annual of thy Birth ;
The crowding Glories of thy Reign survey'd,
And hop'd thy Toils with numerous Years re-
pay'd.

And lo ! when scarce from Joy and Songs releas'd,
E'er the loud Echo's of the Cannon ceas'd :
But sharpest Grief our soft'ning Breasts assails,
And ev'ry Eye the Monarch lost bewails.
We lose at once the Bliss of future Years,
And what we ow'd to Joy, we pay in Tears.

Must

Must we, ye Powers, such Virtue lost deplore?

And must the Bliss we mourn be ours no more?

Must now the Face, that charm'd us to obey,

Be hid in Dust, and mix with common Clay?

Can none recal his Life's determin'd Date,

And by his Pow'r protract the Stroke of Fate?

Ah! no: with Heav'n's Decrees in vain we strive,

Nor all our Cares can make the Course revive:

Supine he lies, in icy Fetters bound,

His Hand unscepter'd, and his Brows uncrown'd;

Ev'n Foes behold him now unmov'd with Dread,

And none appears to save his Monarch dead.

Death of the late King. II

I F yet, lamented Prince, remains unknown
A Woe to wound a People late thy own ;
If now thy Mind prophetic Influence feels,
And darker Destiny thy Eye reveals,
Unfold the Roll inscrib'd with *Albion's* Fate,
And trace through num'rous Times her lengthen'd

Date :

If there, reserv'd, some threat'ning Doom appears,
The Woe of present, or of future Years,
O find a Way to leave thy happier Skies,
And teach thy *Britain* where her Danger lies :
A Parent in thy watchful Love she knew,
Thy Human Care - - - Be now her Genius too.

N O R

12 *V E R S E S on the*

N O R shall thy Isle unmindfully disclaim
The just Reward to pay of grateful Fame ;
Thy Merits shall the future World engage,
And G E O R G E 's Worth be sung thro' ev'ry Age.
No more shall raptur'd Bards, whose ventrous Lays
In After-times record some Monarch's Praise,
The List of *Greek* or *Roman* Chiefs unfold,
Lik'ning their Theme to greatest Names of old ;
But tracing fair *Britannia's* regal Line,
Where B R U N S W I C K 's Virtues most conspicuous
shine ;
On these sublime their Hero's Fame shall raise,
And, *like to* G E O R G E , be deem'd the highest Praise.

And

Death of the late King. 13

A N D here the Muse would fain aspire to sing
In War the Hero, and in Peace the King ;
Renown his youthful Valours arduous Rage,
And more delib'rate Virtues of his Age ;
In martial Fields his earliest Valour show,
The Chief triumphing o'er the vanquish'd Foe ;
And from his riper Years, a bright'ning Train !
Deduce the peaceful Blessings of his Reign.

F R O M these *Britannia*, gentle Isle ! from these
Thy smiling Age her lasting Bliss foresees :

C

Yet

Yet must the Muse the darling Strain decline,
Nor to the Theme inferiour Numbers join ;
Else, should the tow'ring Lay unbidden sing
The Joys which from his Rule successive spring,
Which kindly Fate does endless Years decree,
And dooms, O *Britain!* for thy Sons and thee.

PARENT divine of every valued Grace,
Blest in thy self, and honour'd in thy Race.
Where lives an Offspring can with thine compare?
Great as thy Sons, and as thy Daughters fair !
Here might the Muse express a just Regard
For *British Names*, auspicious to the Bard.

And

Death of the late King. 15

And first, for whom my youthful Lyre is strung,
Thou SCARBOROUGH should'st with every Worth
be sung.

Now, MOUNTAGUE, could I thy Charms renown,
And, HERTFORD, thine, with equal Praises crown ;
--In Arms ARGYLE's distinguish'd Merits raise,
And sing in COMPTON's Worth the Patriot's Praise :
Thee too, NEWCASTLE, cou'd the Muse a-wait,
Patron of Arts, and zealous for the State !
Thee, WALPOLE, too, discerning Statesmans' Fame,
And honour'd KING enrol thy darling Name :
With grateful Honours DORSET's Worth commend,
And generous DODINGTON, the Poet's Friend,----

---Endless the Theme the *British Fame* imparts ;

Dear Land of Liberty, and Nurse of Arts !

With thee, *Fair Isle !* nor *Gallia's* Shores shall boast,

Nor spicy *Arabie*, nor *India's* Coast :

But happy thou, whom thus the Fates adorn,

For whom thy BRUNSWICK'S Guardian Race are
born.

O hail the sacred Pledges of thy Peace !

Nor ever let thy grateful Praises cease :

Well was thy Duty to thy Monarch paid,

And just thy Blessings which pursue his Shade,

Y E T hear, *Britannia*, what remains to pay

Thy last sad Duty to the Royal Clay,

E'er

Death of the late King. 17

E'er viler Earth his purer Dust receive,
And in the Grave his dear Remains we leave,
A parting Tear, and Funeral Pomp bestow,
Sad be the Mourning, and the Triumph flow ;
Then in immortal Strains awake the Muse,
Great as thy Grievs, and as the Life we lose,

REST, *Royal Shade!* whilst we, with active
Care,

The Regal Honours for thy Son prepare ;
With Joy, in Him, another GEORGE we see,
Alike deserving, and belov'd like Thee :
With equal Worth he fills the vacant Throne ;
And joins thy inbred Virtues to his own.

HAIL!

HAIL! *Sacred Monarch!* dear to ev'ry Breast,
Begin to make a thankful Nation blest;
Thy *Sire's* great Spirit shall inform thy Mind,
To perfect all the Schemes by him design'd.
When sacred Annals register thy Fame,
And 'midst our Kings enrol thy greater Name:
Thy Name, which shall the shining Lists adorn,
Our Sons shall bless, and Ages yet unborn.
And while, the Bliss of former Times they view,
Shall sigh for what their Sires possess'd in you.

AND

Death of the late King. 19

A N D thou, Blest CAROLINE ! Imperial Fair!
A Monarch's Darling, and a Nation's Care.
Lives there, of *British*-born, or Human-kind,
Who treasures not thy Virtues in his Mind?
Thee, form'd a Kingdom's Wishes to engage,
The Matron's bless, and the grey Head of Age :
Thy bright Example shall the Virgins warm,
By each illustrious Grace their own to form ;
For thee the Youths shall grateful Trophies raise,
And Bards unborn prepare their future Lays :
While *Britain* in thy Race secure we see,
And hope a length'ning Line of Kings from thee.

O, Royal

O, *Royal Saint* ! thy drooping Lord sustain,
Appease his Griefs, and mitigate his Pain :
Thou, too great Prince, thy People's Faith regard,
From thy immortal Sire to thee transferr'd.
E'en Parties lay their ancient Feuds aside ;
Nor shall (we trust) their Union e'er divide !
With full Consent thy sacred Right they own,
And a whole Nation hail thee to the Throne.
O deign, auspicious Sire ! a gracious Eye,
And smile indulgent on the general Joy :
Smile, if thy whelming Grief can yet allow
A short Suspence, an Interval from Woe.

Presumptious

Death of the late King. 21

Presumptuous Wish!---to hope so soon repress
The filial Sorrows of the royal Breast!
Well may the weeping Subjects Joy revive,
Who in the Son behold the Father live:
But oh! what sov'reign Balsam can be found,
To heal th'Imperial Orphans lasting Wound.

Cou'd pow'rful Verse the soothing Comfort lend,
And from its Grievs the Princely Mind unbend,
The Muse, in all her Pomp of Sounds, shou'd wait,
And Harmony o'ercome the Rage of Fate:
To thee, ev'n now, the Muse directs her Voice,
Not more oblig'd by Duty than by Choice:

D

A Muse,

A Muse, ambitious of the Royal Grace,
Born to admire, and taught to love thy Race.

A H! had my Fate a kinder Lot decreed,
And giv'n my Hopes the Merit to succeed!
Had not my hapless Youth been doom'd to bear
A Life devoid of Friends, and sunk in Care,
My Zeal had in her Monarch's Cause been shown,
And pay'd its earliest Service at his Throne:
Yet what the Muse can offer she bestows,
Firm, in Distress, and loyal in her Woes.

BUT Thou, on whom a Nation's Hopes depend,
The Peoples Patriot, and the Muse's Friend:

Thou,

Death of the late King. 23

Thou, who dost ev'ry grateful Wish employ,
Thy Country's Honour, and thy Prince's Joy:
Accept, O SCARBOROUGH! this imperfect Lay,
The rude Production of a first Essay:
A Muse that waits upon thy rising Fame,
And gladly lives devoted to thy Name:
With kindly Smiles her abject Hopes elate,
Thy Worth inspires her, and thy Smiles are Fate:
Nor think it mean, in thy exalted Sphere,
To lend to tuneful Verse a fav'ring Ear!
By which MÆCENAS' Name is still renown'd,
And CÆSAR with immortal Glory crown'd.
The pillar'd Brass and marble Column yield
To the firm Honours which the Muses build:

These

These stand secure amid the Tempest's Rage,
Or Force of Fire, or Wastes of eating Age.
Nor need the Bard of wish'd Success despair,
While the reviving Muse is SCARBOROUGH'S Care:
Thy Favour can the Poet's Bliss decree,
Secure of Fortune, if approv'd by Thee.

F I N I S.

N. B. Page 15. Line 10. for Statesmans' Fame,
read Statesman, fame :

